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THE

SANDMAN™

DISTANT·MIRRORS

RAMADAN

BY

NEIL GAIMAN

P. CRAIG RUSSELL

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In the
name of Allah,
the compassionate,
the all-merciful,
I tell my tale.
For there is no
God but Allah,
and Mohammed
is his Prophet.

Know then that this is a tale of Baghdad, the Heavenly City, the jewel of Arabia; and that this was in the time of Haroun Al Raschid, King of Kings, Prince of the Faithful..

There was no court that was like to Haroun Al Raschid's. He had gathered to him all manner of great men from all corners of the world.

There were sages and wise men, and alchemists, geographers and geomancers, mathematicians and astronomers, translators and archivists, jurists, grammarians, cadis and scribes.

In his court were the greatest teachers of the Hebrews, who were the first of the three people of the book...

...and the greatest monks of the pale Christians (a dirty folk, who will not bathe, and who venerate the dried dung of their leader, whom they call the Pope)...

...and, as you must realize, he had with him the greatest scholars of the Q'uran, the word of Allah, as revealed to his Prophet Mohammed, one hundred and eighty years before.

Thus his palace was the palace of Wisdom

There were women in his harem: concubines from every land, infidel and faithful, with skins white as the desert sand; skins brown as the mountains seen at evening, skins yellow as smoke; skins black as obsidian:

All of them adept at the arts of pleasure.

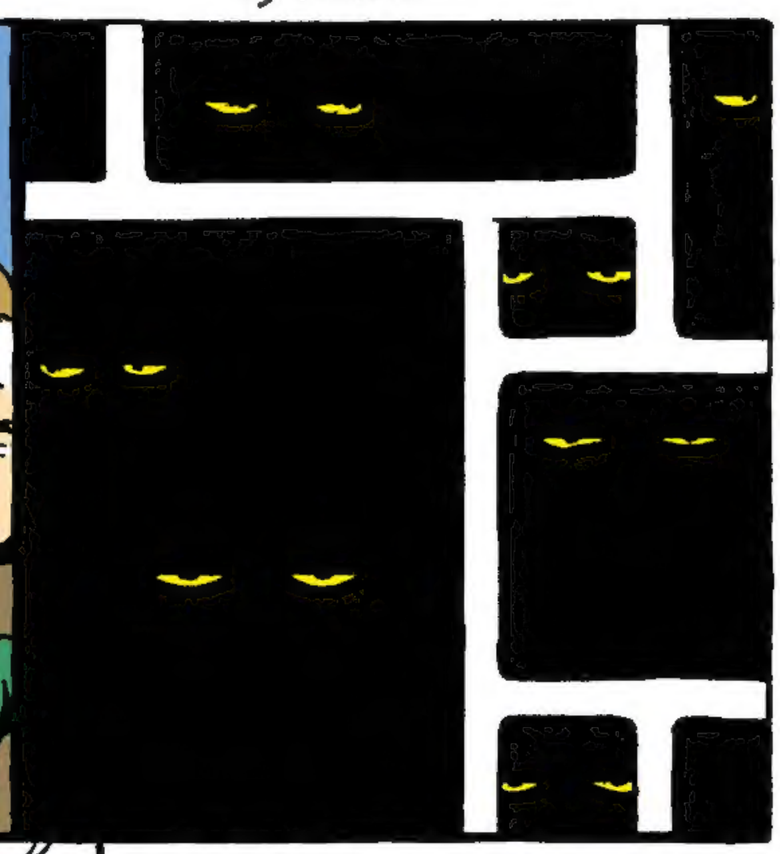
Also there were many beautiful boys, their chins still hairless, their dark eyes wanton and lustful, savory as apricots plucked in the dew.

"Thus his palace was the palace of pleasure.

There were magicians in his palace: astrologers, who could interpret the will of Allah from the high dances of the distant stars;

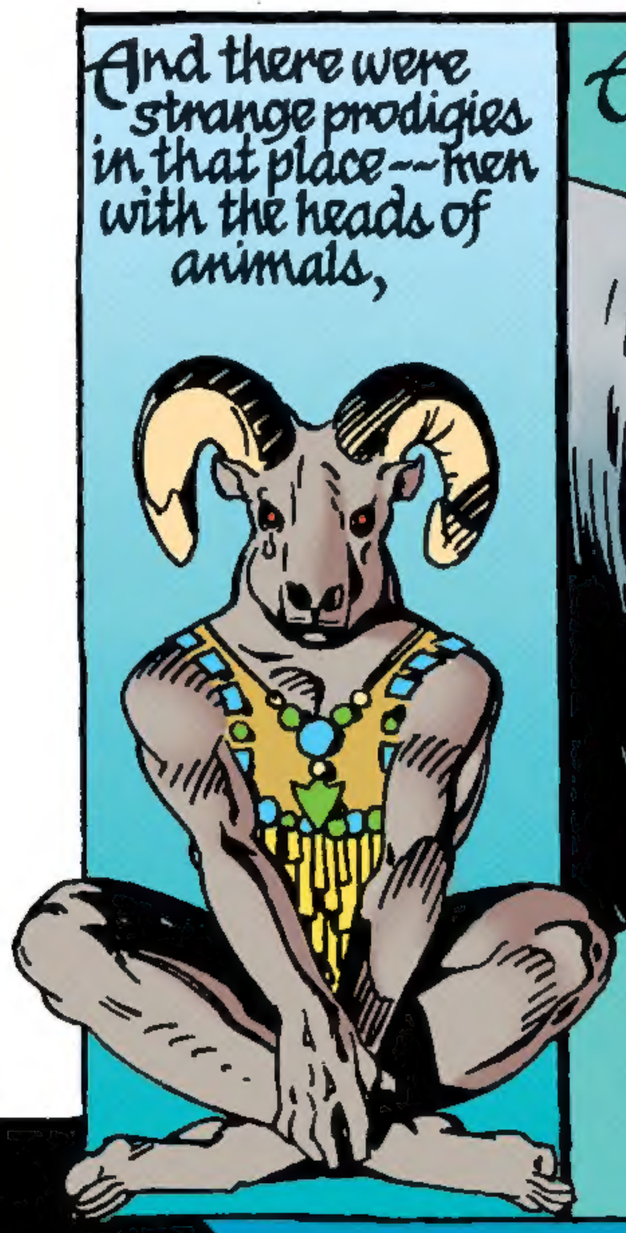
Enchanters from China and the Mongol lands, with high fur hats and long sleeves full of secrets;

Ascetic Bedouin sorcerers, who knew the secrets of angels and of djinn and of men.

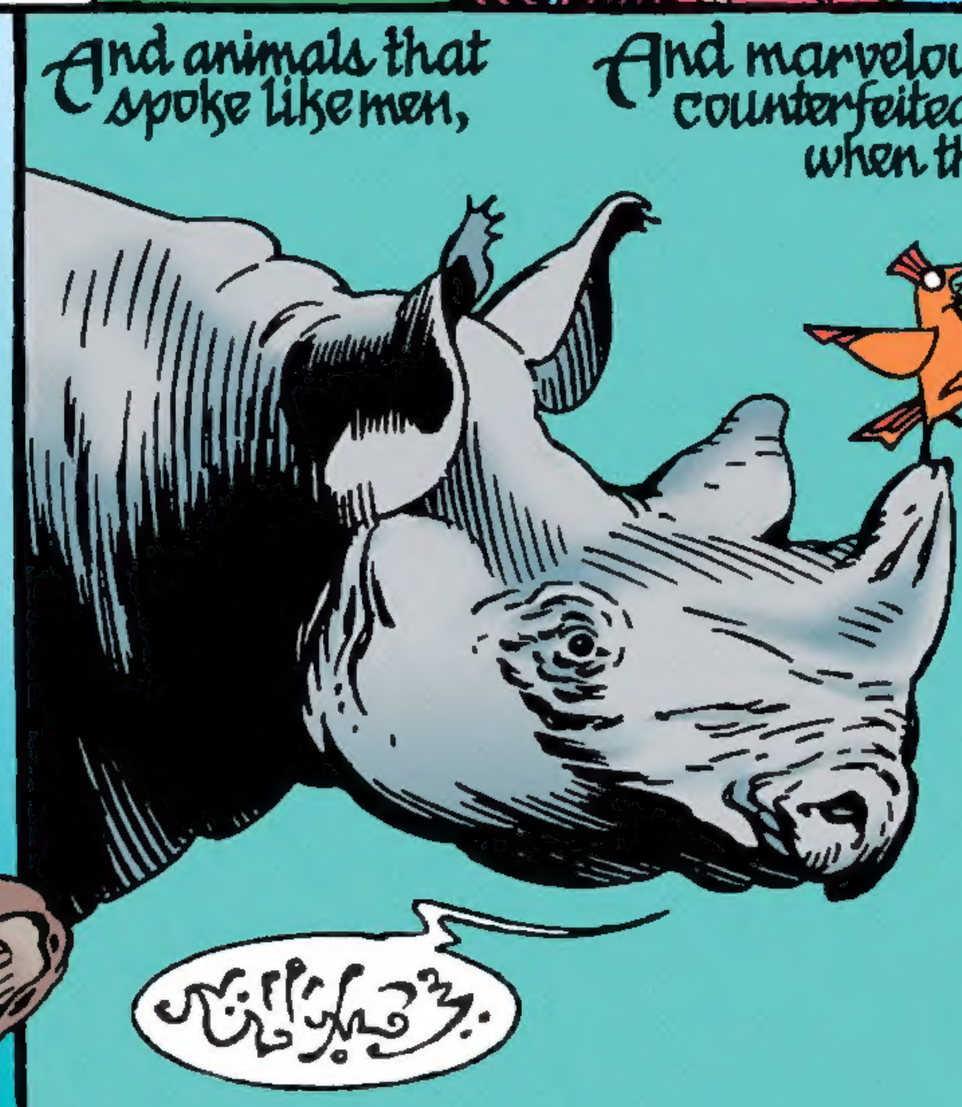


And there were poets and musicians, and men of high wit and perfect taste.

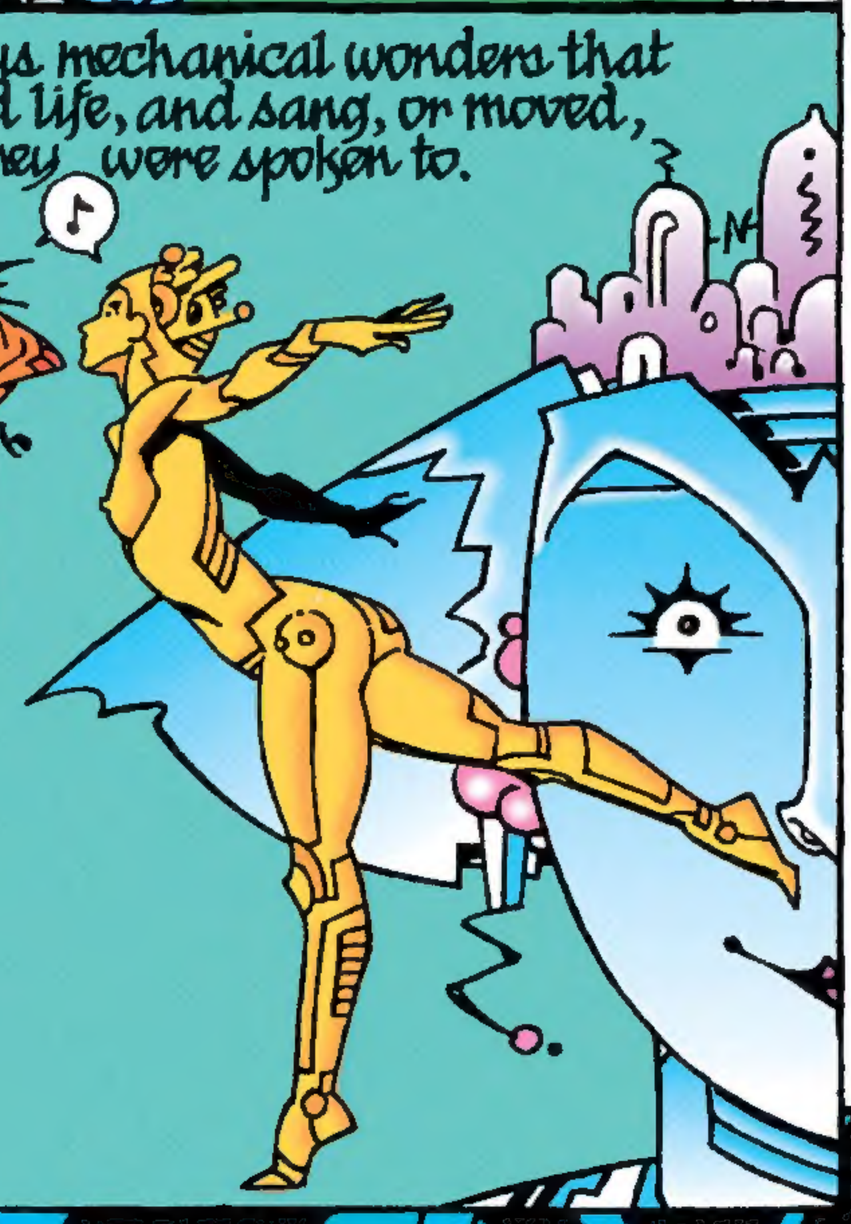
And there were strange prodigies in that place--men with the heads of animals,



And animals that spoke like men,



And marvelous mechanical wonders that counterfeited life, and sang, or moved, when they were spoken to.



Thus his palace was the palace of Wonders.

For those were the days of wonders.

And Haroun Al Raschid was a wise king. When he sat in judgment even his sages were astonished at the sagacity of his verdicts. Under him the city prospered, and the whole of Arabia flowered and blossomed.

But Haroun Al Raschid was troubled in his soul.

REMADE

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And at these times,

When the darkness would descend on his brow,

He would go out of a night into the city of Baghdad,

Taking with him only his friend and Vizier Jafar, and Masrur, his executioner.

And, dressed as merchants from a far-off land, they would travel through the city, sampling its delights and tasting its wares, ennobling the virtuous and entertaining and casting down the wicked and the dull. And in this way they encountered stories stranger than any hitherto told, even in the marketplace of Baghdad.

It was then that Haroun Al Raschid raised a poor beggar to the Caliphate for a day of dreams;

And then that the Great King witnessed the death of the humchback, and wondered at the seven strangers who admitted his murder,

Though the poor fool had but choked on a fishbone.

And it was in Baghdad, city of cities, city above cities, that the King and his vizier witnessed the only flight of the winged horse, made all of glass but for its eyes, which were bone.

But still the King was troubled.

And one day, Allah so willed it that it came to pass that the Defender of the Faithful stood on a balcony high above the city at midday.

And it was given to him to see all the city spread out below him, like a tapestry. He saw carpets fluttering in the skies, and the markets filled with sweetstuffs, and rare spices, and cunningly crafted jewelled birds that sang more sweetly than any bird that hatched from an egg.

He saw a caravan crossing the desert into his city, camels laden with silks and costly perfumes, diamonds and rubies as large as a man's fist, and kohl-eyed dancing girls, their faces veiled and their feet hennaed.

He saw sailboats making their way into harbor, laden with grain and pomegranates. He saw the bathhouses, and the tapering spires of the mosques, heard the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

He saw the craftsmen and the porters and the merchants; he saw the warriors and the city guards, and strangers from all nations who had come to Baghdad, the jewel of cities.

Incomparable.

All this he saw, but his heart was troubled within him.

It was Ramadan, the most holy of months; for it was in Ramadan that the angel Gabriel first gave the word of Allah, the one, the only God, to the Prophet.

His wife Zubaidah came to him.

MY HUSBAND, AND MY KING?

YES, LADY?

I SEE YOU ARE TROUBLED.

YOU SEE CORRECTLY.

COME WITH ME. LET ME ANOINT YOUR FOREHEAD WITH WARM OIL, AND STROKE YOU WITH MY SOFT HANDS. I CAN MAKE YOU *FORGET* YOUR TROUBLES BETWEEN MY BREASTS; I CAN SMOOTH AWAY THE DARKNESS IN YOUR SOUL, BETWEEN MY THIGHS.

I *THANK* YOU, MY LADY, MY QUEEN, BUT I MUST DECLINE.

And she left him then.

His vizier--his friend, Jafar the Barmakid--came to him.

COME, LET US DISGUISE OURSELVES AND WALK THE CITY.

SOON WE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY ENCOUNTER A YOUNG NOBLE UNDER SOME ENCHANTMENT;

OR THREE WOMEN, SLIM AS GAZELLES, IMPRISONED IN A HOUSE BUILDED ALL OF WHITE JADE;

OR A WANDERING MADMAN WITH A TALE TO TELL OF DESERT GHOULS AND...

NO.

THEN LET ME CALL FOR WINE AND FOOD, AND SEND FOR STORYTELLERS, AND LET US PROCLAIM THAT HE WHO HAS THE STRANGEST TRUE STORY TO TELL WILL...

IT IS RAMADAN, JAFAR, WHEN WE FAST FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET. AND THE PROPHET HAS SPOKEN AGAINST WINE.

BUT--

NO, OLD FRIEND.

LOOK AT OUR CITY. IS IT NOT WONDERFUL? WILL THERE EVER BE ANOTHER LIKE IT?

IF ALLAH WILLS IT--

AH. BUT THE WILL OF ALLAH IS NOT MEANT FOR MAN TO KNOW.

LEAVE ME.

He stood there until dusk fell, and the first star of evening glittered over the spires of the city.

Then there came to him Ishak, the greatest poet of that age, he who could spin words like silk inlaid with thread of gold.

GREAT KING.

GREETINGS, WORD-SPINNER.

MY KING, YOU ARE TROUBLED. CAN I PLAY FOR YOU, OR SING?

NO. THERE IS A WEIGHT ON MY CHEST, AND ON MY BROW, BUT ART AND PRETTY WORDS WILL NOT LIFT IT.

AYE ME.

HAS THERE *EVER* BEEN A CITY LIKE *MY* CITY, OR A PEOPLE LIKE *MY* PEOPLE?

NO, GREAT KING.

AMBASSADORS COME HERE FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH TO SEE THIS MIRACLE; AND THEY RETURN TO THEIR KINGS, SAYING, WE HAVE *SEEN* THE PERFECT CITY, THERE CAN BE NONE LIKE IT; AND THEIR KINGS ARE THEN DISSATISFIED WITH THEIR OWN SMALL FIEFS AND DOMAINS, FOR THEY KNOW THAT NEVER CAN THEY COMPARE TO BAGHDAD, THE JEWEL OF CITIES.

THIS IS SO.

BUT ALL THINGS PASS...

LEAVE ME. I NEED NO POETS.

And he stood there on that balcony and gazed down on the greatest city on the Earth.

It was then that the king took a golden key from around his neck, and descended into the depths of his palace.

He passed through the place of women, where no man save he could go and retain his manhood.

He passed down further, through the place of justice and torture, where those who waited on the king's mercy sat in durance.

He passed still below, past the oubliettes, where those whom the king's mercy had forgotten waited in vain, their faces pale, their beards white, their eyes desperate and mad.

After some time he came to a door. Huge it was, of black iron, and carved on its face were many symbols and patternings.

And he opened it with the key of gold.

And he went down.

Now the steps were narrow and damp, and the air swam with half-seen figures and faces.

And the king thought he heard the voices of those he had loved and had killed, over the years: the the pale girl from the northland with hair like spun silver;

The boy from the desert who had brought him a rose carved from palest pinkest quartz, and had stayed in the palace for a year and a day;

The captain of the palace guard, who, save for only the king, was the finest bowman, and swordsman, and spear, in the city, but who had, perhaps, coveted the throne...

Voices he heard.

But he paid them no mind.

Haroun Al Raschid came to the door of bronze, banded with green copper, and inset with mother of pearl.

And he opened it with the key of gold.

And he went down.

Haroun threaded his way through the labyrinth then, eyes half closed, counting steps and lefts and rights in his head.

The next door was of wood, unornamented, and this too he opened with the key of gold.

Even as he opened it, he entered, finding a flickering radiance over all.

But he looked neither left nor right.

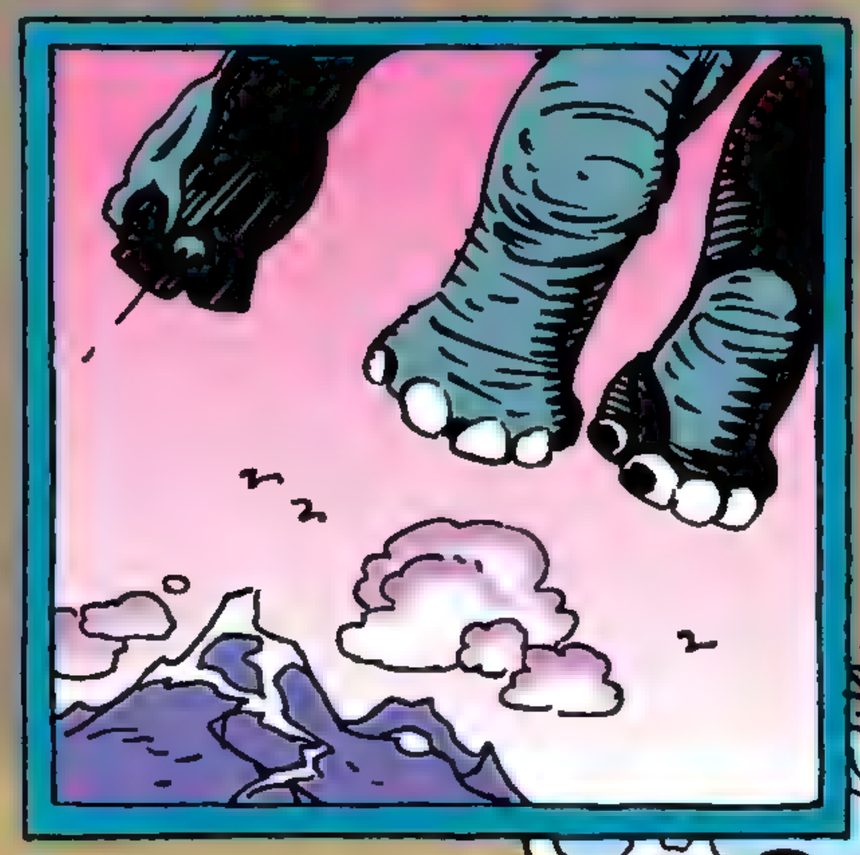
Diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, amethysts and pearls were piled in promiscuous heaps, uncounted; perhaps uncountable.

There was a room hung high with enchanted swords;

Another filled with lamps and rings and goblets of strange virtue and power;

Another that contained nothing but eggs...

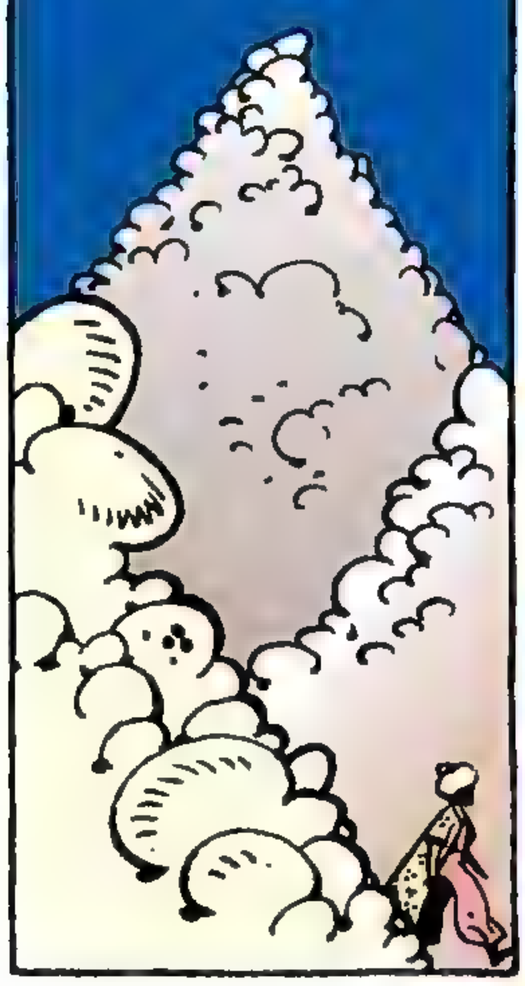
...eggs of all shapes and sizes, from a vermillion egg as big as a child's smallest fingernail to an egg larger than a man, the egg of the Rukh, the bird that nests on mountaintops and carries off bull elephants to feed its young.



From the white egg hatches the Phoenix-bird itself, when its time is come,

But what hatches from the black egg no one knows).

Haroun Al Raschid passed through these rooms, and his gaze did not flicker, neither to one side nor to the other.



It seemed to him that he had been walking for many miles in the silence beneath the palace, when he came to one last door, and this was a door of fire.

And this door too he opened with the golden key.

There was nothing in this room but a glass ball, resting on a satin pillow.

Inside the ball colored mists swirled and drifted.

Set into the glass was a seal.

Haroun Al Raschid took the ball and he left that place. He carried it with care, and his breath was shallow and rapid.

There were paths through the palace that none but Haroun Al Raschid knew; and this was because those who had drawn up the plans, and those who had built the paths, had all long since gone to their final reward: for it is seldom healthy to know the secrets of a king.

Up steps and up steps he went, forever darting glances to the globe in his hands.

He touched one brick lightly, though it looked like every other...

and the wall swung aside...

And Haroun Al Raschid stepped gently onto the highest rooftop of his palace. Imagine a thousand thousand fireflies of every shape and color; Oh, that was Baghdad at night in those days. And ships still plied the river with lanterns on their masts, and the night sounds of the city rose up into a sky hung with stars and blazing fireballs. And softly, softly, the king began to speak.

I AM THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD.

AS ONE KING TO ANOTHER, I CALL YOU, KING OF DREAMS, LORD OF THE SLEEPING.

ARE YOU THERE?

I DEMAND THAT YOU PRESENT YOURSELF BEFORE ME, HERE, IN A FORM NEITHER THREATENING NOR UNPLEASANT TO MINE EYES.

COME, O KING.

I AM HAROUN IBN MOHAMMED IBN ABDULLAH IBN MOHAMMED IBN ALI BEN ABDULLAH IBN ABBAS, CALLED AL RASCHID, FIRST AMONG THE FAITHFUL. MINE IS THE GLORY AND THE CITY OF BAGHDAD, PEARL OF CITIES.

I SUMMON YOU, O KING OF DREAMS, PRINCE OF STORIES, LORD OF THE SLEEPING MARCHES.

BE HERE FOR ME.

There was no sound, save the whisper of the wind, and the deep lost call of a night-bird in the desert.

Haroun Al Raschid shivered.

VERY WELL.

IN MY HANDS I HOLD THE GLOBE OF SULAIMAN BEN DAOUD, KING OF THE HEBREWS. IT WAS IN THIS GLOBE, NEAR THE END OF HIS LIFE, THAT HE IMPRISONED NINE THOUSAND AND NINE IFRITS, DJINN, AND DEMONS.

THESE WERE THE *DARKEST* OF SPIRITS, THE GREATEST *AND* THE MOST POWERFUL.

AND ONE BY ONE HE BOUND THEM IN THIS CRYSTAL GLOBE, AND SEALED IT WITH HIS SEAL.

THAT WAS NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

"OVER THE YEARS THAT THESE IFRITS--THEIR HEARTS BLACKER THAN JET-- HAVE BEEN IMPRISONED, THEY *EACH* HAVE SWORN A MIGHTY OATH TO WREAK VENGEANCE ON THE CHILDREN OF ADAM OUR FATHER, TO DESTROY OUR WORK AND OUR MINDS AND OUR DREAMS."

THIS IS A GLOBE OF FINEST GLASS, AND WHEN IT SHATTERS THEY SHALL EMERGE, AS RAVENING BEASTS OF DESTRUCTION.

IF YOU DO *NOT* COME TO ME, I SHALL *SHATTER* THE GLOBE.

VERY WELL.

You have called me. And I have come.

ARE YOU, THEN, THE LORD OF SLEEP, THE PRINCE OF STORIES, HE TO WHOM ALLAH HAS GIVEN DOMINION OVER THAT WHICH IS NOT, AND WAS NOT, AND SHALL NEVER BE?

You know whom you have called, Haroun Al Raschid.

WINE!

WINE FOR OUR VISITOR!

This month is Ramadan, O King, when the faithful fast from dawn until sunset, and has not the prophet spoken against wine?

AND ARE YOU OF THE FAITH, MY PALE COMPANION?

I am of all faiths in my fashion, Haroun Al Raschid, and I have no wish to take wine with you.

Now, perhaps you should tell me why I should not leave this place, now, taking with me your ball of little nuisances?

And also, I might add, taking the recollection of being summoned, peremptorily, as one might summon a steward.

I am no steward, O King. And I mislike summonings.

THERE IS A *TALE* THEY TELL OF A FISHERMAN WHO CAUGHT A JADE BOTTLE IN HIS NETS, WHO OPENED THE BOTTLE AND RELEASED A *GENIE*...

In the tale he talked the genie back into the bottle. But the Genie was foolish, and boastful, and lonely.

I am none of these things.

You have called me here, Haroun. It is unwise to summon what you cannot dismiss.

YOU ARE *THREATENING* ME?

I do not threaten. I merely advise caution.

AYE. YOUR POINT IS WELL TAKEN.

WHY HAVE I CALLED YOU HERE?

I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE... I SUPPOSE, TO MAKE A BARGAIN. *IF* YOU WILL BARGAIN WITH ME.

We are bargaining? In the palace of the Leader of the Faithful? Bargains are the business of the soukh, the marketplace.

AYE. PERHAPS THEY *ARE*, AT THAT.

VERY WELL, LET US THEN TAKE OURSELVES TO THE MARKET-PLACE.

IN MY SLEEPING QUARTERS IS A CASKET THAT WAS MY FATHER'S, AND HIS FATHER'S BEFORE HIM. *BRING* IT TO ME.

They brought to him a casket of sandalwood, inlaid with strange designs, both of ivory and mother of pearl, and they laid it on the ground before him.

The king opened the casket with his own hands, and from it he took a small carpet, threadbare in appearance and unimpressive.

And with his own hands he spread it upon the ground.

He stepped onto it, carefully, even reverently, although it was not a prayer carpet, and motioned the Lord of Dreams to take his place beside him.

Haroun Al Raschid said one word three times...

And on the third repetition the carpet rose slowly and silently into the air, glittering faintly.

LOOK AT MY CITY, DREAM LORD.

I see it.

IT IS A CITY OF *MARVELS*, OF *WONDERS*. THESE ARE THE DAYS OF WONDERS.

IT IS *MY* CITY.

I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR IT--

AH! THE SOUKH.

DESCEND, O YOU MY CARPET.

LET US ATTEND TO THE BUSINESS OF THE MARKETPLACE.

NOW, WAIT YOU HIGH ABOVE THE SOUKH, MY CARPET. I SHALL CALL YOU, IF I HAVE NEED OF YOU.

GREAT LORDS!

CAN I *INTEREST* YOU IN FINE SWEETMEATS? YOU SHALL NOT TASTE THEIR LIKE AGAIN, FOR *I*, HASSAN THE SWEET-MAKER, MAKE THEM MYSELF WITH SPICES AND HONEYS AND FINE WINES, FROM A *RECIPE* DIVULGED TO ME BY A MERCHANT-MAN LATELY SHIPWRECKED ON AN ISLAND INHABITED *SOLELY* BY--

--HE THOUGHT AT *FIRST*--

--TINY *HOMUNCULI*, WHOSE ONLY *JOY* WAS THE PREPARATION OF--

LORDS!

I HAVE A SLAVE HERE FOR SALE, OF THE MOST EXOTIC KIND. *FIRSTLY*, EXAMINE HER SKIN. IS IT NOT OF *CONSUMMATE* WHITENESS? *NEXT*, I DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO HER EYES--

NOBLE LORDS, DO NOT *LISTEN* TO HIM!

HE IS A *THIEF* AND A *LIAR*, AND A *MAGICIAN* TO BOOT. A MONTH AGO HE SOLD ME AN *ASS*, WHICH SAT IN MY STABLE AND ATE FINE HAY AND GRAIN AND GREEN FRUITS; AND THEN ONE DAY THIS SON OF A SHE-DOG (WHO WOULD SELL YOU THE CITY OF BAGHDAD, AND YOUR WIFE'S MOTHER, AND SELL YOU YOUR LEFT HAND WERE YOU TO GIVE HIM THE OPPORTUNITY) CAME TO MY HOUSE AND *TOLD* ME THAT THE ASS HE HAD SOLD ME WAS IN FACT A BEAUTIFUL *MAIDEN* WHO HAD BEEN ENSORCELLED BY HER JEALOUS SISTER, WHO WAS INDEED A WITCH, AND THAT HE WISHED TO BUY HER *BACK* FROM ME.

"*HOW*, THEN, CAN THIS ASS BE CHANGED INTO A *WOMAN* AGAIN?" I ASKED HIM

I'LL GIVE YOU A DIRHAM FOR THESE MISERABLE GRAPES.

ONE DIRHAM?

FOR *THESE* GRAPES--EACH PERFECT GLOBE SO FINE THAT, WERE IT MADE INTO *WINE* IT WOULD *ONLY* BE SUITABLE FOR OUR CALIPH HIMSELF, HAROUN AL RASCHID, WHOM ALLAH PROTECT AND ENLIGHTEN!

THREE DIRHAMS, AND NOTHING LESS.

TWO.

CERTAINLY, LORD. YOU ARE *MOST* GENEROUS. AND HERE, TAKE TWO OF THESE FINE PLUMS, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS.

THERE *IS*, AS IT HAPPENS, A *TALE* THAT ACCOMPANIES THESE PLUMS...

I'M SURE THERE *IS*, AND I *THANK* YOU FOR IT. BUT FOR NOW, I HAVE CERTAIN MATTERS TO ATTEND TO.

A *GRAPE*, DREAM KING?

In Ramadan? Between dawn and dusk?

IT IS NO MATTER. LOOK AROUND YOU, DREAM KING.

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WILL YOU *BUY* IT FROM ME?

I see a remarkable place.

INDEED--IT IS A LAND OF MIRACLES.

I have no desire to be king of any mortal land.

NO...

YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME.

THIS IS THE GREATEST CITY THAT ALLAH, MAY HE BE PRAISED FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN IN THE MORNING UNTIL THE SETTING OF THE SUN IN THE EVENING, AND ALSO IN THE NIGHTTIME, AND IN THE HOURS BEFORE DAWN, HAS SEEN FIT WITH WHICH TO BLESS THE WORLD.

AND THIS AGE IS THE PERFECT AGE.

SO?

HOW LONG CAN IT LAST? HOW LONG WILL PEOPLE REMEMBER?

I HAVE SEEN THE WORLD, DREAM KING.

"I HAVE RIDDEN THROUGH THE DESERTS, AND SEEN THE ROCKS AND OLD WALLS AND STATUES BREATHED UP BY THE DESERT WIND IN THE EMPTY WASTES OF SAND;

"AND THEN THE WIND AND THE SAND COME UPONCE MORE AND THE REMNANTS OF CITIES AND PALACES AND GODS VANISH FOR ANOTHER AGE OF MAN,

FORGOTTEN AND UNREMEMBERED..."

THIS IS AS GOOD AS IT'S GOING TO BE, ISN'T IT?

It may be so...

...BUT ALLAH ALONE KNOWS ALL. INDEED.

I AM HAROUN IBN MOHAMMED IBN ABDALLAH IBN MOHAMMED IBN ALI BEN ABDULLAH IBN ABBAS, CALIPH OF BAGHDAD. I PROPOSE TO GIVE YOU THIS CITY. *MY* CITY. I SUBMIT THAT YOU *PURCHASE* IT FROM ME: TAKE IT INTO DREAMS.

And in exchange?

IN EXCHANGE I WANT IT *NEVER* TO *DIE*. TO LIVE FOREVER. CAN YOU *DO* THIS THING?

After a fashion, I can.

AND WHAT NEEDS TO HAPPEN TO MAKE IT SO? IS THERE SOME *SPELL* YOU MUST PERFORM? IS THERE A *QUEST* I MUST GO ON, TO SOME FAR COUNTRY?

IS THERE SOME *GRAND DEED*?

No.

All you need do is tell your people. They follow you, after all. And yours is the dream.

VERY WELL.

HEAR ME, MY PEOPLE! I, YOUR CALIPH, HAROUN AL RASCHID, OF THE HASHIMI BLOODLINE, PROCLAIM ON THIS DAY, IN THIS PLACE, THAT I HAVE GIVEN THE GOLDEN AGE OF BAGHDAD, OF ARABY, TO THIS ONE WHO STANDS BY MY SIDE.

IT IS HIS FOREVER...

...PROVIDING THAT AS LONG AS MANKIND LASTS...

...OUR WORLD IS NOT FORGOTTEN.

GREAT CALIPH?

GREAT KING, YOU WERE GONE FROM THE PALACE. WE HAVE BEEN *LOOKING* FOR YOU.

WHAT *HAPPENED*? WHY DID YOU COME *HERE*, TO THE MARKETPLACE?

I... I DO NOT KNOW, MASRUR. I HAD A *DREAM*, I THINK, BUT ALREADY IT IS FADING.

HEATSTROKE, PERHAPS, SIRE. IT CAN DO *MANY* STRANGE THINGS TO A MAN.

PERHAPS...

LET US RETURN TO THE PALACE, LORD.

INDEED.

HOLA! STRANGER, WHAT IS *THAT* YOU CARRY?

A city in a bottle.

MOST INGENIOUS OF DEVISING, AND EXECUTION. DID YOU *CONSTRUCT* IT? IS IT FOR *SALE*?

I did not construct it.

It was given to me.

And it is no longer for sale...

IT IS *VERY* BEAUTIFUL.

Yes.

SIRE, WE *MUST* RETURN TO THE PALACE.

YES, MASRUR.

"And that is how they say that it occurred. But Allah alone knows all."

BUT *WHAT* HAPPENED TO HAROUN AL RASCHID? *OR* TO THE OLD CITY OF BAGHDAD? *OR* TO...

HOLD, LITTLE ONE. DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER *COIN*?

...NO.

NO.

ANY MORE *CIGARETTES*?

THEN I *THINK* I HAVE SPOKEN *ENOUGH* FOR TODAY. IF YOU ARE HERE TOMORROW, THEN *PERHAPS* I WILL TELL YOU MORE.

GO HOME, BOY. THESE ARE *BAD* TIMES, AND YOUR MOTHER WILL BE WORRYING.

BUT HOW DID IT *WORK*? THE *BARGAIN*? HOW *COULD* THE CITY LAST?

GO HOME.

HIS QUESTION UNANSWERED, HASSAN STUMBLES HOMEWARD, PICKING HIS WAY IN A SERIES OF CHILD'S SHORT-CUTS ACROSS THE BOMB SITES AND THE RUBBLE OF BAGHDAD.

AND, THOUGH HIS STOMACH HURTS (FOR FASTING IS EASY, THIS RAMADAN; AND FOOD IS HARD TO COME BY) HIS HEAD IS HELD HIGH AND HIS EYES ARE BRIGHT.

FOR BEHIND HIS EYES ARE TOWERS AND JEWELS AND DJINN, CARPETS AND RINGS AND WILD AFREETS, KINGS AND PRINCES AND CITIES OF BRASS.

AND HE PRAYS AS HE WALKS (CURSING HIS ONE WEAK LEG THE WHILE), PRAYS TO ALLAH (WHO MADE ALL THINGS) THAT SOMEWHERE, IN THE DARKNESS OF DREAMS, ABIDES THE OTHER BAGHDAD (THAT CAN NEVER DIE), AND THE OTHER EGG OF THE PHOENIX.

BUT ALLAH ALONE KNOWS ALL.

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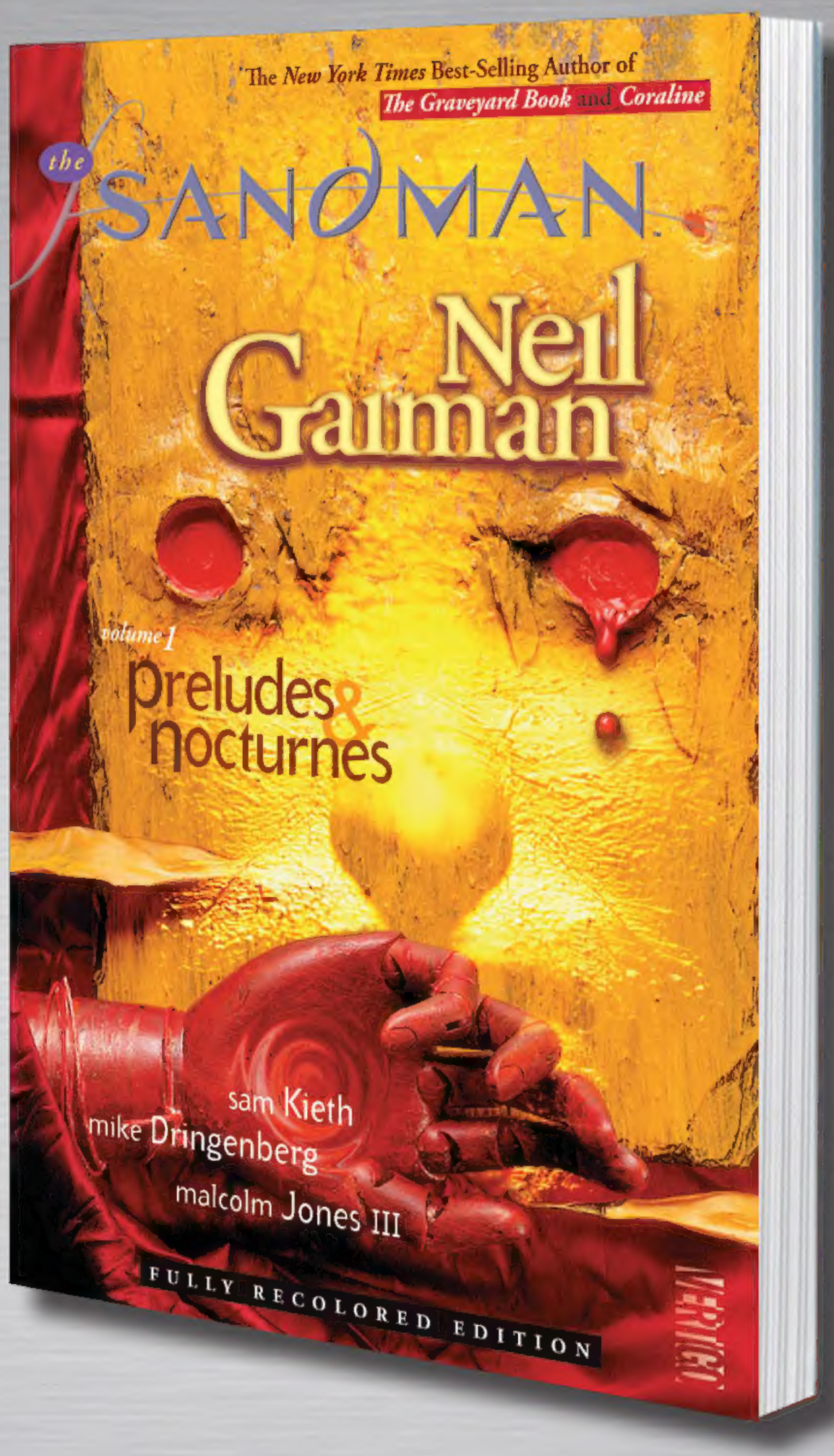

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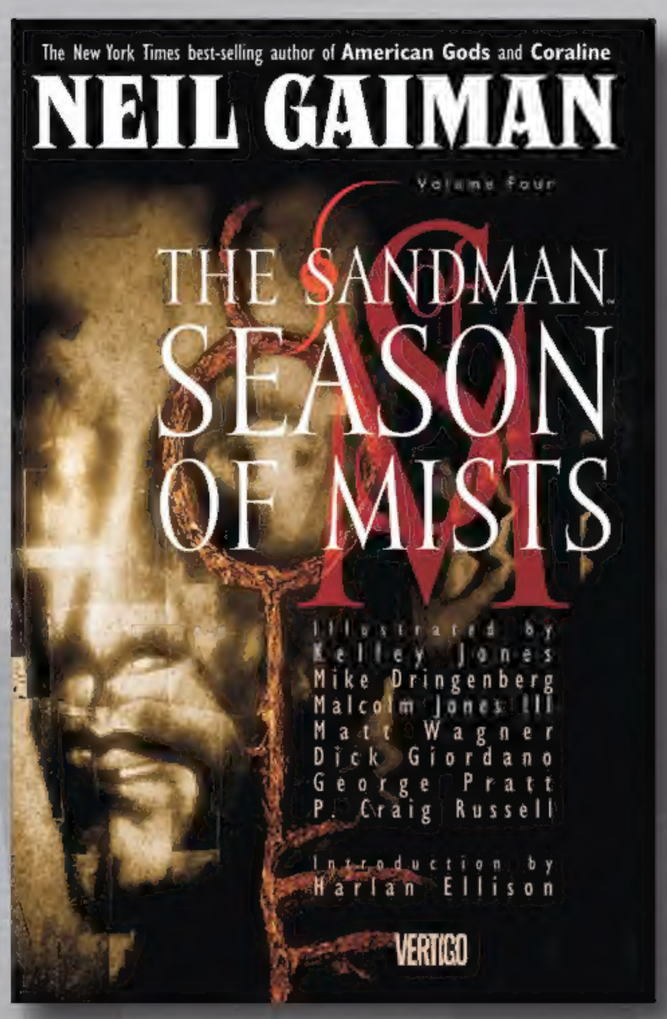

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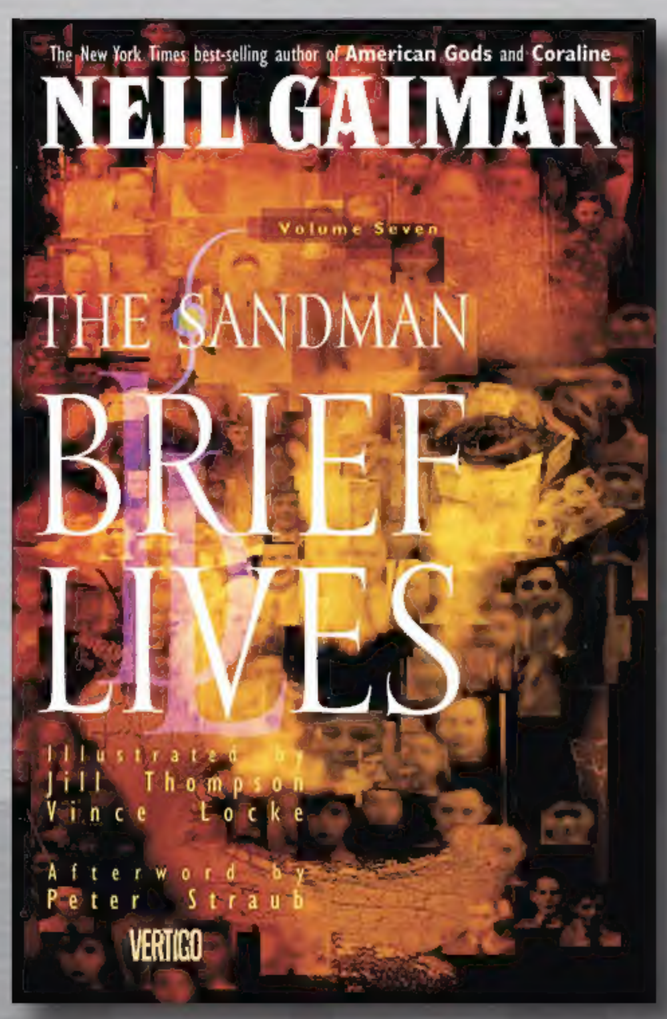
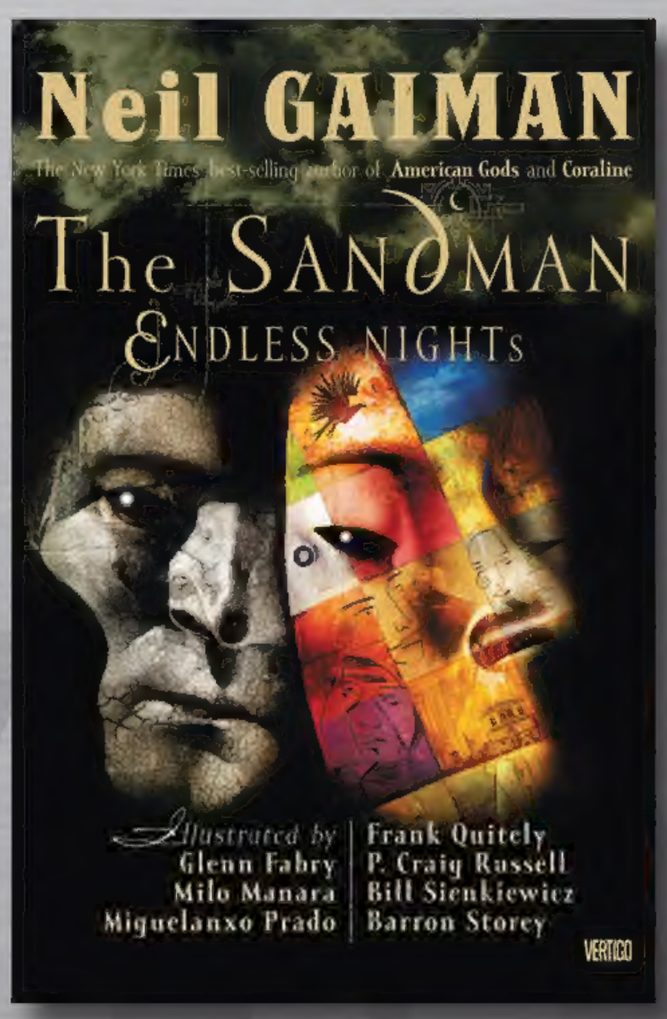


THE SANDMAN:
ENDLESS NIGHTS



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